## NEW BOOKS.

### The Professor and His Wife.

Mr. James Lane Allen's story of "The Bride of the Mistletoe" (the Macmillan Company) is beautifully and very carefully written. It celebrates Kentucky with imagination and with eloquent fervor. We cannot say that we were much impressed by the professor and his discovery. Perhaps no fact is more apparent or has been more sadly observed than that life withers. It is hard for us to see why the professor in middle age should have felt himself called upon to write a book to let his wife know that he still felt rather young. It was distinctly brutal of him to draw to her attention certain gross practices of the time of the Druids. At the same time we do not see why she should have been profoundly disturbed. The story lays particular stress upon her still abiding and great beauty. By all that is really made out she had much the advantage of him in the matter of being attractive. The professor was rather "chunky," and somehow we do not consider that his habit of mind was calculated to be alluring. If his wife had refused to be tearful we suspect that her power would have been indisputable. Inasmuch as it is difficult for us to understand why she should have bothered herself about the professor we can see that we are unfitted to respond to the intense and solemn tone that characterizes the tale.

### A Truly Crowded Tale.

We are confident that we shall never be disputed when we say that Mr. Edward Bedinger Mitchell's story of "The Shadow of the Crescent" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) is full of lively and remarkable incident. In the café in Paris, after the tall gentleman with the intensely black eyes had coldly apologized to Ronald Lampton, the young American, for rapping him slightly upon the head with a carelessly flourished cane; after the two burly and evil looking men who drank cognac and whose clothing bulged obviously with "concealed" weapons had sat eying the tall gentleman for a space; after the shabbily dressed man who peddled matches had entered the café in a shambling manner and had covertly addressed to the tall gentleman the words, "Back of the Palais Royal, monsieur"; after the tall gentleman had arisen and passed out into the night, and after the two burly men had exchanged significant glances and passed out after him, it was natural for the young American to feel some curiosity.

If Lampton had contented himself with mere idle speculation, if he had remained in the café and confined his energies to thought, he would have missed experiences that would have been our loss as well as his. We consider it proper to be thankful that he followed the two ruffians who followed the tall and coldly polite gentleman. We have no idea that it would have been possible for him to allow any feeling of resentment for the rap on the head bestowed by the gentleman's cane or for the coldness of the gentleman's apology to interfere with his instinct to be of service even to a frigid gentleman who was about to be beset by ruffians bulging with concealed weapons. In the dark archway of the silent house in the squalid street behind the Palais Royal he knocked senseless with his own loaded cane one of the ruffians shortly after the two had entangled themselves with the tall gentleman in a desperate encounter. At the conclusion of the affray a bludgeon and a blackjack, a relinquished part of the concealed weapons, lay upon the stones of the courtyard, and the tall gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, observed with more politeness than he had formerly employed that it had been a tight squeeze.

It was after this, though with no delay at all, for the strong incidents of the story are most compactly associated, that Dr. Cleon Menon of the Ecole Médecin appeared upon the scene. The doctor was no more than a flitting figure, but we found him interesting. "Before me," the young American records, "I saw the finely chiselled features of the greatest surgeon France had known in many years. There was no possibility of mistaking that high, bulging forehead, long, straight nose, and protruding jaw. Heard of him! Why Dr. Cleon Menon was a sight cabmen pointed out to visitors like the Column Vendôme or the Arc de Triomphe!"

The doctor was not present to protect the young American from the instantaneous and overwhelming power of certain Oriental vapors. In the Café de la Paix the dissipated looking man who accompanied the beautiful lady in blue drank altogether too much champagne. "Take that, curse you!" he said, and at the word he struck the lady in blue on the cheek, "knocking her back into her chair, a large splotch of crimson marking the spot where the blow had fallen." The young American knocked the scamp down, paid the bill for the champagne, and politely saw the injured lady home. It was in her flat that he had his first experience of the powerful Oriental vapors. He accepted from her fair hand a cigarette of the sort smoked by the Sultan of Turkey. Two puffs and over he went, smashing a number of the lady's fragile coffee cups.

In New York again he was attacked in this subtle and effective manner. An obsequious pedler who had come ostensibly to sell him a Bokhara rug suddenly produced a garish handkerchief and thrust it firmly against the victim's nose. Happily young Rawlins rang the doorbell at that moment. An accomplice of the pedler was just about to carry out a bundle. Rawlins grappled with this fellow, who cast his load upon the floor and fled forth into Washington Square. The coming of young Rawlins was most fortunate. Miss Revere, a beautiful young lady, the heroine of the story, was discovered inside the bundle.

Though the heroine escaped on that occasion she was soon afterward seized and carried off, at first to a remarkable place of concealment in Albany street on the West Side, and afterward to the Balkan Mountains. The Kara ring, with the representation of St. Michael trampling the dragon, and the Kara emerald, which the Turkish Ambassador tore from the heroine's neck at a ball in New York, are important matters in the story. Lampton, the young American, had to deal vigorously with the Turkish Ambassador. The young man records: "With a savage uppercut, sent in so quickly that he had no warning, I caught Kalat Bey square on the point of his protruding jaw. He staggered back, tripped over the leg of a chair, flung out his hands to save himself, and fell sprawling among the palms and potted plants. Dropping from his open hand, the great emerald rolled to my feet. I thrust it in my pocket and with Doris shaking on my arm left the conservatory and the ball."

Lampton had great times, at first in the neighborhood of Albany street and afterward in the Balkans, in his search for the abducted Doris. It would be hard to say where life is the more strenuous according to the story—in Albany street or in Albania. Certainly the reader will thrill in Castle Kara-Kapa, where Doris was in danger of being married to a Turk, but so he will in the House of Ruffians, which is not far from the North River.



### Two American Humanists.

In delivering the first Barbour-Page lectures before the University of Virginia, now published under the title "Hellas and Hesperia" (Henry Holt and Company), Prof. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University, senior of American Greek scholars in active service, disdained to discuss the question of Greek study in any of its forms and preferred to demonstrate the living power of the Greek language and of Greek ideas over American life. The lectures are delightfully unconventional in form, as Prof. Gildersleeve draws his illustrations from any source he chooses—personal experiences, French novelists or the slang of the day—but they lead the reader to the point he wishes to make. He dwells at length on the many resemblances between the Americans of to-day and the Greeks of antiquity and even their modern representatives, and makes out a pretty good case. Here is one of his examples of the vitality of Greek: "The classical caravel is still seaworthy. No Captain Courageous of Gloucester, Mass., is more popular than Odysseus of Ithaca. Retell the story of the wanderings of the much-enduring to a popular audience, if you wish to find out whether Homer is dead, and what Kipling calls his bloomin' lyre has ceased to bloom. No happier hours in my long career can I recall than those I spent in repeating the tale of Old Audacious to a sympathetic audience thirty years ago." It is a delight to read what a man has to say who has wholly digested and assimilated the learning he has acquired.

The same effort to show the likeness of the classical past to the American ideals of to-day is made, though with less mastery in the handling, by Prof. Frank Frost Abbott, once of Chicago but now of Princeton, in "Society and Politics of Ancient Rome" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Though the articles were first published in many places in a period covering fifteen years the keynote of all is the similarity of the past to modern things. The picture of municipal politics in Pompeii, derived from the inscriptions found on the walls, is amusing. It would be more complete if Prof. Abbott had yielded more to his imagination, like Prof. Ferrero, whom he seems to admire, instead of holding close to the evidence at hand, as the younger generation of scholars is wont to do. The two papers on women are entertaining. In that showing their influence on public affairs he holds to the well known examples; Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; Octavia, the sister of Augustus; the new Clodia, sister of the tribune, and so on, where perhaps his readers would have preferred to have him tell how Roman women won the remarkable legal rights they had. In the other article Prof. Abbott helps the cause by showing that at Rome women were physicians, priestesses, tried to practise law, discussed literature and sometimes wrote; in later times appeared on the stage and at musical performances, and worked at trades, the inscriptions mentioning costumers, seamstresses, washerwomen, managers of estates, fishmongers and barmaids. They also made bricks. Many other subjects are dealt with by Prof. Abbott, including the formation of the letters of our alphabet.

### New York Described.

A certain condescension will be noticed, an apologetic tone in the things he finds to admire, in the description of the Manhattan of the present which Prof. John C. Van Dyke has written pleasantly if rather volubly, and Mr. Joseph Pennell has illustrated copiously in "The New New York" (Macmillans). Few phases of the city are left untouched by the writer and the impression remains that there is little to be found that the artist has not drawn. Mr. Pennell's pictures, even those in color, are not very satisfactory. They must have suffered in reduction, but somehow the artist seems to miss the character of the building or street he draws. M. Ch. Huard, for one, has shown how much of that can be expressed in black and white. The delicacy of touch peculiar to Mr. Pennell seems also to be lacking here.

Prof. Van Dyke's mind goes back to Europe when he contemplates New York: "Singularly enough, there is in New York a superficial likeness to Constantinople. Even the height and location of the ground with the contours cut by the rivers are not dissimilar. A glance at the map will show the Hudson corresponding to the Marmora, the East River to the Golden Horn, the Upper bay to the Bosporus. Other resemblances derive naturally from these. Manhattan becomes recognizable as Stamboul, the Battery as Seraglio Point, Brooklyn as the Heights of Pera, Staten Island as Scutari. Even the Brooklyn Bridge can be tortured into a resemblance to the Galata Bridge, and the Williamsburgh Bridge is an exaggerated suggestion of the upper bridge on the Golden Horn." And Prof. Van Dyke forgets to compare the dirt in the streets.

Over a page is devoted to describing the conductor's efforts to collect fares in a crowded trolley car. The "Great White Way" works its spell even on Prof. Van Dyke. "In New York at night some of the cruder advertising disappears, or reappears in less objectionable form. The electric signs show everywhere and, though one wearies unto death with what they say, the light of them helps on the general illumination and is rather attractive than otherwise. Sometimes there are changing letters and different readings or flash lights that keep blinking and going out in darkness like miniature lighthouses, or shifting globes giving different colored lights. All told, the glitter and glare of these signs make up a bewildering and (it may be admitted) a brilliant sight."

The larger city has to be satisfied with a single chapter at the end. Manhattan has never, probably, been described so completely. People out of town will be glad to read of the wonders of the city, and the town dwellers themselves will find entertainment in the view taken of them by so intelligent and kindly an observer as Prof. Van Dyke.

### Fiction.

A capital short story by Mr. Will Irwin, "Warrior the Untamed" (Doubleday, Page and Company), gives some justification for the new fashion of printing magazine stories separately. Mr. Irwin's story is a work of art and should therefore be permanent, but it is also pure farce, and that seldom endures. The tone of the narrator is kept up consistently to the end; the incidents, preposterous as they are, are perfectly natural and follow each other logically; the actions of all concerned are, given the circumstances, what might have been expected; there is no exaggeration or straining for effect. The lion's misadventures are extremely funny, but the reader must find that out for himself; we will not spoil his pleasure by revealing the plot. We are obliged to Mr. Irwin for his demonstration that it is possible to be funny without sacrificing art.

Perhaps no better method of describing college life can be devised than that which Mr. Ralph D. Paine has applied to Yale in "College Years" (Charles Scribner's Sons). A series of short stories, episodes in which the same characters or types appear repeatedly, avoids a continuous plot, which in all college novels seems pretty artificial and clumsy, encumbering the author's unavoidable record of athletic exploits. Here each story deals satisfactorily with its own restricted field of effort. The author's enthusiasm for athletics and for Yale is catching; he can afford to be humorous at times and succeeds in making his college boys attractive. It is only fair to remind his readers, however, that a good many Yale men do pay attention to their studies.

The stories included in Gustavo Adolfo Becquer's "Romantic Legends of Spain" as translated by Cornelia Frances Bates and Katherine Lee Bates (Thomas Y. Crowell and Company) are excellent if they are a little old fashioned. They deal largely with the supernatural or with traditions either real or made up, a matter of little importance so far as the stories are concerned, and a few with impressions of modern life. The translator compares Becquer with Poe, but his terrors are derived much rather from the German romanticists and their French imitators. He is a figure in the small number of Spanish fiction writers that are of any account. The story of how the translation came to be made is interesting; it explains too how the snap of Spanish idioms is often missed, which no learning of Spanish from books can teach.

Two psychological studies make up H. N. Dickinson's "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard" (Duffield and Company), that of a woman who marries a man without love and rather unaccountably comes to love him, and that of the man himself, who is apparently on the verge of insanity at the beginning and goes out of his head at the close. This, mixed up with a large dose of contemporary British politics, makes an attractive bill of fare. The book is intended to be "clever" and therefore contains much sarcasm on current events and fashions, with here and there a really brilliant phrase. It will fill the reader with amazement at the strange ways of the British upper classes of to-day and will not help to keep him cheerful.

### Juveniles.

A charming Italian child's story by Carlo Collodi, whose real name was Lorenzini, called "Pinocchio," has been translated

Continued on Tenth Page.